

# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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WHOLE NO. 120.

## THE NEW DAY.

In the newly dawning day,  
Shams will all be swept away;  
Right, not might, supremely sway,  
And peace triumphant reign.  
Our god will be the "perfect love,"  
Such as the angels know above,  
And, like a brooding mother dove,  
O'erspread all earth the same.

In that new and better day,  
There'll be no room for vain display,  
For error will be blown away  
By justice, truth and love.  
All sorts of slavery sunk from sight,  
Beneath the rays of wisdom's light,  
And freedom, in her upward flight,  
Soar on to heights above.

In that new and happy hour,  
With truth and love the ruling power,  
Like to a sweet reviving shower  
From angel worlds above,  
Will wondrous gifts of life be given;  
Creating here on earth a heaven,  
Like unto song in sweetest rhythm,  
Of peace and brighter love!

In that new and brighter time,  
The heart enlarged with love divine,  
Will cause the outer life to shine  
With deeds of living light.  
And then the "golden rule" will be  
In practice put on land and sea,  
And every soul set wholly free  
By the eternal right!

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

## IN MEMORIAM.

'Tis coming up the steps of time,  
And this old world is growing brighter!  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

We may be sleeping in the ground  
When it awakes the world in wonder;  
But we have felt it gathering 'round—  
And heard its voice of living thunder!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time  
Foretold by seers and sung in story,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!

They pass'd, nor see, the work they wrought,  
Now the crowned hope of centuries blossom!

But the living lightning of their thought  
And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom.

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

One Sunday night in the month of  
October, 1859, in the state of Virginia,  
at a place called Harpers Ferry, a shot  
was fired that was heard around the  
world.

And in the month of May, 1886, in  
the state of Illinois, at a place called the  
Haymarket, in the city of Chicago, a  
bomb was fired, whose vibrating echoes  
are still encircling the globe.

It is on this I wish to speak. It mat-  
ters not greatly what this projectile was  
(there is some dispute) or who threw it;  
whether some wronged or desperate toil-  
er, in the spirit of revenge, or some se-  
cret emissary of the police, acting under  
subtle and crafty instructions, thrown it  
was and of purpose; of purpose, yes,

tho' no man dreamed of the wide, far-  
reaching results of the explosion. No  
deadly missile ever hurled was charged  
with such a mission—nor produced such  
beneficent effects. I speak in sober  
earnest; some of the comrades in our  
ranks are prone to regret the day's work,  
to look upon the act as calamitous; such  
are mistaken and shortsighted; the ex-  
plosion that rent the darkness of the night  
of May 4, 1886, was an epoch mark, lurid  
and lasting. None of us, not the wisest  
and best, can conceive the full splendor  
of its fruition, yet there is, in very truth,  
looming up on the mirror of Time, an  
ever brightening vision, of which the  
keen-eyed ones get glints and glimpses  
to cheer and encourage in dull and de-  
spondent hours. Meanwhile, hearts and  
hands are linked closer, in the steady-  
ly increasing phalanx of those who stand  
for LIBERTY, at the recurrence of May 4  
and November 11. And this 11th of No-  
vember followed the 4th of May and was  
born of it. Tonight, the wide world  
over, wherever the word Anarchy is un-  
derstood, men and women meet in the  
spirit of fraternity and comradeship that  
would not have known each other but  
for the throwing of that hand grenade.  
The act in itself was slight, but how  
fraught with consequence; and it lives  
in imperishable history. Whether the  
hand of capital cast, or the hand of la-  
bor flung it, is not known to us, but it is  
known, and the secret may yet be made  
manifest; but be that as it may, whoever  
threw it acted "better than they knew."  
The report of that explosive was the  
death knell of capitalism, the liberty  
peal of labor, and all Anarchists should  
rejoice therein. Think of it—without  
the throwing of that bomb what would  
you have had? You would have had a  
"strike" for shorter hours of labor, a  
few labor-agitation speeches, a meeting  
of disgruntled workingmen, some police  
officiousness, some unformed brutality  
in the interests of peace and property—  
especially property; following this a  
number of newspaper eulogies com-  
mending the prompt efficiency of the  
custodians of law and order, some pat-  
ting on the back at Desplaines Street  
and Central stations, and then, as usual,  
another spell of torpidity; one class ex-  
ceedingly busy in getting, the other  
class more or less busy, according to  
their luck, in giving! That is all!

In the bursting of that bomb America  
and the world had a splendid lesson in  
the beauty of government by force, an  
unexampled parody of justice, some  
death speeches that are deathless (noth-  
ing finer, nothing of greater import, has  
been uttered since John Milton's de-  
fense of printing), a propaganda for jus-  
tice and freedom that is ceaseless and  
vigilant, a martyrdom that was glorious,  
and Memorial Day. And this is a day  
that will yet take precedence over Wash-  
ington's nativity, and it is ours to see  
that it does, and ours, too, to see that on  
the spot where Winston's

Tall bully lifted his head and lied,

there in the Haymarket, the statues of  
our murdered dead shall rear their  
proud forms for the future generations  
to look upon with glad eyes! Until this  
act of retributive justice is accomplished  
there will be no labor movement in this  
country worthy of the name!

Tonight we meet to commemorate the  
death of George Engel, Adolph Fischer,  
August Spies, Albert R. Parsons and Louis  
Lingg. There should be no more sad-  
ness than there was with them. The  
first swung out of this world into a  
larger, freer life shouting "HURRAH FOR  
ANARCHY!" The second exultingly  
cried: "This is the happiest moment of  
my life!"

Friends, it was said of old, "It is ex-  
pedient that one man should die for the  
people," and certain of the ruling  
classes crucified that Galilean Anarchist,  
whom the French patriot and liberty  
lover, Camille Desmoulins, well called  
"Le Bon Sans Culotte!" The same feel-  
ing prevailed in some breasts in Chicago  
and George Engel, Adolph Fischer, Au-  
gust Spies and Albert R. Parsons liter-  
ally died for the people, though not as  
the police and their patrons intended.  
Our comrades and lovers were not  
butchered to make a Chicago holiday—  
they died to set men free, even as did  
that other workingman, the carpenter of  
Nazareth; they died in defense of  
TRUTH, JUSTICE, FREEDOM and LOVE.

At the supreme moment these words  
of import fell from the lips of Spies and  
Parsons:

"There will come a time when our sil-  
ence will be more powerful than the  
voices you strangle today!"

"Let me speak, oh, men of America!  
Will you let me speak? Let the voice of  
the people be heard!"

These vital words will ring forever  
down the corridors of time, ring in the  
free air, like clarion notes, when the  
costly structure of the Chicago Board of  
Trade no longer lifts its turretted roof  
against the eternal sky; echo over the  
barren waste when not one stone of that  
temple of commerce stands upon an-  
other.

"Silence?" There is no such thing in  
connection with these men; their voice  
is being heard louder and clearer at each  
day's dawn, and their voice is the voice  
of the people. John Brown's voice was  
the voice of the people. Few realized it  
at his martyrdom—who questions it to-  
day?

John Brown died in the cause of labor  
and liberty, so did Engel, Fischer, Spies  
Parsons and Lingg—each and all boldly,  
bravely tried to free slaves, the differ-  
ence in color makes no distinction.

John Brown advocated and used force  
to win freedom; our abolitionists did  
not—had not gotten to that point, but  
of a truth it may become necessary to  
use such argument, and use it vigorous-  
ly, to right the wrongs and emancipate  
the slaves of capital, for I would have  
you bear in mind that no great wrong  
has ever been righted but by force. It

was the mailed hand of the barons that  
wrung the magna charta from the  
clenched grip of King John; it was the  
ironsides of Cromwell that forced the  
petition of rights from the reluctant  
hand of King Charles; it was the pikes  
and scythes of the proletariat that  
gained bread and cake from Marie An-  
toinette and the dissolute nobles of  
France; and it was, you well know, the  
volunteers of Father Abraham that made  
the southern patricians unlock the fet-  
ters of their fellowmen.

Someone has said "history repeats it-  
self," and it may prove so in this case,  
but we will still hope on that men's  
hearts and eyes are being opened and  
that anon they will, with one accord,  
look up and see—

"Who cometh over the hills,  
Her garments with morning sweet,  
The dance of a thousand rills  
Making music before her feet?  
Her presence freshens the air;  
Sunshine steals light from her face;  
The leaden footstep of Care  
Leaps to the tune of her pace;  
Fairness of all that is fair,  
Grace at the heart of all grace,  
Sweetener of hut and of hall,  
Bringer of life out of naught,  
Freedom, oh, fairest of all  
The daughters of Time and of Thought!

She cometh, cometh today;

Hark! hear ye not her tread,  
Sending a thrill through your clay  
Under the sod there, ye dead,  
Her nurslings and champions?

Tell me, young man, have ye seen,  
Creature of diviner mien  
For true hearts to long and cry for,  
Manly hearts to live and die for?  
What hath she that others want?  
Brows that all endearments haunt,  
Eyes that make it sweet to dare,  
Smiles that glad untimely death,  
Looks that fortify despair,  
Tones more brave than trumpet's breath;  
Tell me, maidens, have ye known,  
Household charm more sweetly rare,  
Grace of woman ampler blown,  
Modesty more debonaire,  
Younger hearts with full wit grown?  
Oh, for an hour of my prime,  
The pulse of my hotter years,  
That I might praise her in rhyme;  
Would tingle your eyelids to tears,  
Our sweetness, our strength, and our  
star,  
Our hope, our joy, and our trust,  
That lifted us out of the dust,  
And made us whatever we are!"

## THE PARIS CONGRESS.

The secret conference held in Paris by  
the revolutionary Socialists and Anarch-  
ists of different countries of the world  
declares itself in favor of federation  
among the revolutionary groups. The  
conference invites the groups of Paris,  
who have taken the initiative in organ-  
izing the Workers' Revolutionary Inter-  
national Congress, to remain united, in  
the hope that in all centres of popula-  
tion revolutionary groups, libraries,  
studying clubs, etc., will come to an un-  
derstanding on the basis of Communism  
and the social revolution, and on the  
principles of the liberty and autonomy

(Continued on page 4.)



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## ANARCHIST SOCIALISM.

In the absence of government, and with the abolition of statute or artificial law, the private ownership of land will cease. Monopoly in land, the foundation of all other monopolies, cannot exist in the absence of those man-made statutes by which it has been created and fostered; and the only title to the possession of land will be the natural title of occupancy and use.

In economics, the land question is the "paramount issue," and its solution is of vastly more importance to humanity than any other problem raised by modern social reformers. Anarchist Socialism, as distinguished from Democratic or State Socialism on one hand and Anarchist Communism on the other, presents its fundamental propositions under four heads, viz.

1. Free Cooperation.
2. Free land.
3. Free labor.
4. Free exchange.

Cooperation is that form of social organization that we offer in lieu of the state, or government. Men in their social relations must adopt one of two principles as the basis of such union or social compact. These basic principles are: (1) Government, or the authority of man over man, and (2) Cooperation, or the mutual agreement by which the individual units of society act together for the achievement of any common purpose. Cooperation necessarily implies free action, and is the negation of authority; hence, to speak of compulsory or governmental cooperation is to use a contradiction of language, both paradoxical and absurd.

In the absence of artificial, man-made law, land must be reorganized as a natural opportunity, as much so as air and sunshine, and the right to its use a universal gift of nature to all men alike. Hence, the right of one individual to monopolize this common estate, or any part of it, so that any person is excluded, or compelled to pay tribute in the form of rent, is a creation of artificial law, and totally opposed to the natural rights of man, or the law of equal freedom. As each individual member of society possesses, naturally, the right to occupy and use as much land as his individual needs require, occupancy and use becomes the natural and only title-deed to individual possession of land.

Labor cannot be free so long as it is not self-employed; hence, Anarchist Socialism demands the cooperative control and ownership by the workers themselves of the machinery of production, so that each worker can rightfully claim and take without dispute the full product of his labor, abolishing at one stroke both the wage slave and his capitalistic master.

Free land and free labor necessitate a system of free exchange, and I cannot conceive of a better plan than that out-

lined in the Labor Exchange system, of which I may have something to say at another time. I merely offer the above as an outline for discussion, and trust that the champions of Anarchist Communism and of Social Democracy in particular will have something to say in reply.

Ross Winn.  
Silver Springs, Tenn.

## THE FRUITS OF APPRECIATION.

Among the letters which I received in commendation of my article published in *DISCONTENT*, October 10, there is one in particular which contains so much that is good that I am sure it will be a source of inspiration to the many obscure writers who are doing noble work for the progress of the race, and I offer it for publication with the full conviction that withholding it would be depriving those who are deserving of a share of appreciative encouragement through which they might be stimulated to renew their earnest efforts in making others happy. A personal acknowledgment would not, in my opinion, be sufficient appreciation of such lofty sentiments, and that it may be instrumental in doing the greatest possible good I give it below, together with my acknowledgment, for publication:

"J. A. Gillie—Esteemed Sir: I read your commendable appeal in *DISCONTENT*, marked it, and sent it on. You have said the right thing and have organized a good idea. Our people are so formal they seem to need 'introduction' by such means as yours. We seem to fear something—accept the thought of a noble writer and bury it out of sight. The writer has said a good say, but no one tells him of it. 'How stupid the world' he may rightly say and decline to again favor it. I speak of the timid ones who often strike a timely chord. To illustrate: A friend sent me the 'Banner of Light' two years ago. I was struck by the truth, force and beauty of a poem entitled 'Love and Life,' signed Ollah P. Toph, giving a street and number at Indianapolis, Ind. I could not rest contented by merely clipping the poem and reading and rereading it. I resolved for the first time in my life to inclose it to the author, be it man, woman or spirit, with a vote of appreciation. A long time after a letter came to me thanking me for sending the poem. The writer was a lady. She had not then been aware that her poem had been published, having sent it a year or so before. Her address had been changed, but the words of 'appreciation' reached her, and there was my reward. She kindly sent me a book of poems from her own pen, and some unpublished ones, all so grandly rapturous that to such gifted souls none should fail to do homage. In my enthusiasm to encourage such noble, needed, talent to further expression, my own family set up such a storm of protest that for two years has fairly raised the roof. Having dared and done a kindly act of appreciation, my motives are mistaken by my own. I still live to write you and encourage you to keep your work going. It is needful and helpful, let the consequences of correspondence with 'strangers' take care of itself. Truth is kindred everywhere and need not be feared—even though 'trouble' come by any route through it.

"Another incident: Will Carleton

was a mere boy at Lansing, Mich. I was traveling for the 'Toledo Blade' in 1870. The postmaster called my attention to him and to his work. I asked for a copy of one of his poems. 'Betsy and I Are Out' went to the 'Blade' by next mail. It was published the following issue. I learned that Mr. D. R. (Nasby) Locke, the editor, when it arrived took to it at once. He usually scorned verse and fired all such into the wastebasket. He read it around the office to all who would listen. In due time it appeared in 'Harper's Weekly,' illustrated, and the banner of Carleton blazed forth from that day. His 'Farm Ballads' and other poems live on.

"Kindly send me your further information, and give a few correspondents my address, for I have been on the waiting list a long time. Cordially,

"JOHN A. LANT.

"1073 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y."

I do not know whether the author intended the above to appear in print, but in case I have taken any undue liberty I trust he will remember how, once upon a time, he was impelled "for the first time in my life to inclose it (the poem) to the author, be it man, woman, or spirit, with a note of appreciation." I am especially impressed with "the storm of protest that for two years has fairly raised the roof," for it brings to mind the days when my mother, in her religious zeal, watched for every chance to burn the books she thought I should not read. And as to correspondence with "strangers," I can say from experience that but few things else in life are capable of bringing out the noblest and loftiest character of both men and women. For just as reading "yellow novels" filled with nothing but wild imagination and inventive lies will drag the mind down to ruin, so will lofty correspondence and the reading of aspiring thoughts from strangers lift us up as high as we are capable of soaring.

It is said that a prophet is seldom honored at home, and if such is the case, and he is worthy of honor, then I propose to miss no opportunity to encourage him to seek appreciation abroad. The incidents related by Mr. Lant serve to show what great rewards little acts will often bring, and that the great things to which so many aspire are seldom attained because the little things pertaining thereto are overlooked, discarded and despised. And in this connection there is one thing that should always be borne in mind by reformers, and that is that no writer can judge of the worth of his production if he fails to learn of the value placed upon it by his readers. Take the advice of Mr. Lant, and "let the consequences of correspondence with strangers take care of itself." And don't forget to write him your appreciation. You will find him a lofty-minded, noble and beautiful character.

J. A. GILLIE.

864 1/2 Howard Street, San Francisco.

## LINCOLN'S OPINION OF POLITICIANS.

Politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most of them, are, taken as a mass, at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with the greater freedom because being a politician myself none can regard it as personal.—Abraham Lincoln in 1837.

## COOPERATE.

Is there anything more natural in the world than the desire that no person shall starve or go hungry for a single meal? Is it not a heinous offense in a country which produces enough for the whole world that a single person should go hungry, should be without a fire in the dreadful winter time? Those conditions are here. How shall we remedy them? Will you not think for a few minutes that perhaps the root, the direct and certain cause of these terrible distresses is that those tools and machinery by which labor produces all the whole people eat and drink and wear, are owned by a few persons who conduct their businesses, not for use, or so that all may have enough, but that those few may make as much profit as possible? By combining we could produce, without the aid of a single woman or child, all the necessities and comforts we and our families require. Let all the shoemakers combine, work four hours a day, make all the shoes we 70,000,000 need for a year, and while they are doing that let the bakers make bread for them and all the rest of us, while we, in our turn, make those other things necessary for life. Do you see how easily that could be systematized? Not a single person out of work. All doing useful labor. No waste at all. No arduous toil. No children starving and out of school. Then we might start in with our individualities in full play; no lack of freedom, no taking off our hats to any man and cringingly asking for a job.—Ex.

As poverty increases, insanity and crime increases. In 1850, as shown by the census reports, we had to each million of inhabitants, 973 insane and 530 criminals. In 1890 we had 1679 insane, and 1347 adult criminals to the million. In 40 years insanity had increased 709 per cent, and crime 600 per cent. Last year there were 10,000 murders and 7,000 suicides. While the honest industrious producers are tricked out of nine-tenths the product of their labor, and are sinking into poverty, insanity and crime, the shrewd and greedy idlers are accumulating enormous fortunes. Last year Carnegie and Frick, by monopolizing the iron industry, cleared \$40,000,000. The Standard Oil company \$60,000,000; the sugar trust \$30,000,000. The railroads own lands equal to eight states as large as Ohio; they are earning dividends on six billions of watered stocks; they pay their general officers salaries equal to those of European monarchs, while the section men get an average of \$1.15 cents per day.—R. A. Dague.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner let us hear a whistle from the Spartan life. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible thinker and actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is nature.—Emerson.



## CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

## CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

Uncle Andrew went to Silas Brown's farm and found the boy—a timid, shy, feeble-looking child. The farmer did not want to let him go and said: "Of course, he aint worth much, but I ought to have something for his keep and his clothes."

At last it was all arranged satisfactorily, and the farmer had a sum of money that to him was of far more value than the boy. Howard was taken to a clothing store and fitted out with all he needed. Then Uncle Andrew took him to the bankers, and when his identity was established they asked Uncle Andrew to take charge of the child saying:

"We have known you long enough to trust you fully, and to know that you will do all that is just and right with this child. Miss Gaskell's fortune, while not large, will be sufficient for his support, and when he is of age he will have quite a start."

"I want nothing for his support, but will gladly care for him as though he were my own child. It is all I can do for my old friend."

When Uncle Andrew returned to Fairview farm he took the shy little boy with him—into an atmosphere of home which was new to the child. All greeted him kindly and he soon felt at home. As his timidity vanished, and he grew more like a boy should be, they found him possessed of many lovable traits, and his interest in the wonderful chickens and ducks was amusing. He never tired of watching them, and, being a true lover of nature, he was happy here where all was natural. His poor little body took on the roundness of childhood and the eyes grew bright with joy.

Waltham Bros. made some inquiries regarding the boy's father. A friend who had been with him, and to whom he had given some private papers, sent these documents to the firm. They seemed to be of little interest—some receipts and notes and a package of letters. The letters were from Miss Gaskell. She had heard a rumor of some attention paid to another and reproached him for his "unfaithfulness." These rumors increased, and in the same ratio the reproaches increased and the engagement was broken.

"A man that cannot be faithful to his sweetheart will not be faithful as a husband. I see nothing but unhappiness before us. Under such circumstances it is better that we part," so Miss Gaskell wrote in one of the letters. A picture of her was among the letters.

"Who would ever have thought that Miss Gaskell was so pretty?" Rollin said as he looked at it.

The papers and letters were laid away to be given to Howard when he was old enough to understand them.

Two lives were ruined simply because of false ideas. Because Miss Gaskell expected to be Howard McDonald's wife she thought he must pay no attention to any other person. This idea of ownership is a remnant of the days when the man knocked the woman senseless with his club and carried her to his cave to be his exclusive property. Physical strength always means brute power, if not united

with mental force. As Miss Gaskell wished to be the exclusive owner so she was willing to be owned exclusively. It is pathetic, all those years of loneliness and heart hunger, her love lasting as long as life. Does one ever become old in heart? It seems not, for love is just as dear to those the world calls old as to the young. Holmes expresses it beautifully when he says:

"A health to our future—a sigh for our past,  
The love we remember, we hope to the last;  
And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,  
While we've youth in our hearts we can never grow old."

He understood the feeling of the young as they see any demonstration beyond that which is expected of those called old, for he says:

"The chaffing young folks stare and say  
See those old buffers, bent and gray,  
They talk like fellows in their teens.  
Mad, poor old boys, that's what it means,  
And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe."

Last winter Dr. D— and his bride called to see me. I had heard of him, but had not met him. The young folks had called him "a crazy fool," "a silly old man," and other names of a like nature. It is true that he was bald and gray, and the lady's hair was also gray, but it was abundant and becomingly arranged, and I thought as I watched their evident happiness and contentment, that they were very sensible for choosing to live together rather than to live alone when companionship was so much more agreeable.

## CHAPTER XX.

What an old thief Time proves to be! He is different from all other thieves, however, for he leaves something in the place of every stolen article. He takes the glossy, dark hair, but leaves the silvery tresses; he takes away the fresh, smooth flesh, but leaves the wrinkles, the lines of thought and care; he steals our lovers, our friends, but leaves to us the pleasant memories of past joys; he takes our babies, our children, and in place of them we have men and women. On the whole, is he such a thief after all.

Fairview farm is famed far and wide for its beauties. Each year finds new beauties of fruit and flower. The poultry is of the best. The saying "unto him that hath shall be given" has proven true, and as the years passed our friends prospered.

Uncle Andrew and Aunt Marian are not quite so upright in carriage as they were ten years ago, but they laugh at the idea of being old. Rollin has grown quite gray and Jennie has added several pounds to her weight. James and Ida are in the prime of life. They have a little daughter, 2 years old, and Andrew said to Jennie one day: "Sister is nice, and I love her, but she is not Blossom." "No, she is not Blossom, she is herself, and a very dear little girl," was Jennie's reply.

James was very proud of his son and daughter, but Maurine was his pet. He had not had the joy of watching his son develop from baby to boy, and all the endearing traits of babyhood he had lost; with his girl it had been different, and "papa's joy" he called her, and the name suited her well, for a joyous, happy child she was, and she bid fair to be-

come as beautiful as her mother. Sam and Mary were happy and contented; a girl had been born to them, and Carol had grown into a steady, sober young man, and though he had developed some very unpleasant traits it was hoped that he would see the error of his ways and not let those troublesome traits bring him sorrow.

The Glen was a famous resort, and much of Carol's time was spent there, for Uncle Andrew found it a burden to carry on the enterprise and gladly relinquished it to a younger man.

Howard McDonald and Andrew, Jr., were inseparable companions—roomed together, worked together and studied together. There had been a little anxiety regarding Howard. As he grew older he seemed to lose much of the gentle kindness of character that had made him lovable, and there was a recklessness that reminded Uncle Andrew of the unhappy mother, and he shook his head sadly as he said "blood will tell."

Rollin, always a student of human nature, said: "We must not judge too hastily; as the child grows we will see traits of character, both good and bad, which astonish us because we did not know they existed; and yet why should we be astonished? That genial fireside poet, O. W. Holmes, said, in speaking of this very thing, 'That the law of heredity comes in, that every man is an omnibus in whom his ancestors are taking a ride'."

"I know, Rollin, that is true, and yet another author said when reading those words of Holmes: 'He must not forget that I am the driver of the omnibus and have the power to say sit down father and grandfather, and all the rest of my ancestors. I am going to have something to say about my personality and posterity.'"

Rollin laughed as he said: "You express it pretty well, Uncle Andrew, and yet it is not always easy to manage the horses even though you be the driver of the omnibus and be able to control all the passengers. Some are able to control their steeds and others are carried to destruction. I sometimes think the doctrine of Karma contains a little truth when I see the lives of those around me."

"Well, if you call it cause and effect all right; I have no use for any of those mystical notions; but I do know that the law of heredity is an actual demonstrated fact, mentally as well as physically. It reminds me of that weird story 'Elsie Venner.' You remember when the son took his father by his gray hair and dragged him to a certain tree, the old man cried out: 'Stop, stop, I only dragged my father this far.'"

"I know it plays a great part in all our lives, this heredity, and to me it is one of the most fascinating of studies. By the way, Uncle Andrew, did you ever read Zola's 'Dr. Pascal'? He understood the great part our ancestors play and could excuse the weakness, and even the vile wickedness, that marred the lives of many of his race."

"Yes, Dr. Pascal was a noble man—a very lovable character—and I consider the book a valuable treatise on heredity. But to return to the boy. I am dreading the time when I will have to reveal his past. He only dimly remembers his father and mother, and you know he will not be put off with any half truths."

"It is better that he should know all,

but don't you think that Jennie could tell him better than either you or I? You know she has a great deal of tact, and she is gentleness itself, and Howard loves her dearly."

"Indeed, I would be pleased to have her tell him. Are all men cowards?"

"More or less," answered Rollin. Some weeks after this conversation Andrew said that he would like to go on an excursion.

"I have the money, mother; you know those early cabbages brought me in a pretty good sum and the two calves were sold last week; then I've saved the allowance that father gave me, so I know I have enough. Father says it is just as you say."

"Then I say go and have a good time."

"But, mother, I want Howard to go, and he has no money. That fellow never has any money no matter how much is given him nor how much he earns."

"What does he do with it, Andrew?"

"I don't know; buys everything he fancies, keeps no account and wonders himself where it has gone. I'll speak to Aunt Jennie; she can fix it some way; I won't go unless Howard goes."

Aunt Jennie promised to see what could be done, and while she and Andrew were planning Blossom entered the room. Just on the boundary line of womanhood she was a beautiful girl. Her hair was indeed her crown of glory. It was very little darker than when she was a child, and there was no need of curling iron or papers, nature having attended to that. The blue eyes were large and clear, the skin so transparent that you could almost see the blood as it coursed through the veins, and her hands and feet were exquisite. She had entered her mother's room just in time to hear Andrew say "I do want to go, Aunt Jennie, but I don't want to leave Howard at home."

"Oh, Andrew, are you going away?"

"Only for a few days, Blossom; there is an excursion going to New York, and I want to go."

"Now, Andrew, I know that you will think I am a baby, but I dread to have you go away. It will be dreadfully lonesome without you."

"I will be gone but a few days, Blossom; but if you are going to feel so bad about it I won't go."

"Indeed, you must not stay on my account. I'll promise not to cry all night about it as I did when you stayed at the Glen and didn't come home to help eat my birthday cake."

"I got the piece you saved for me the next morning."

"Yes, and made the promise that you are going to break."

Andrew laughed as he said: "Blossom, dear, I have kept that promise all these years, and have never left you. I'll bring you something nice from the city."

(To be continued.)

Like almost all his contemporaries, La Rochefoucauld saw in politics little more than a chessboard where the people at large were but pawns, and the glory and profit were reserved to the nobility.—Britannica Encyclopædia.

Oh! happy state, when souls each other draw,  
When love is liberty and nature law.

—Pope.



## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Our friend W. H. Thrapp, of the neighboring village of Longbranch, was up to see us Sunday. He came to attend our memorial meeting but did not have that pleasure, he thinking the meeting was to be held during the day, and he could not stay until night. Come again.

We have spent many pleasant and profitable evenings since coming to Home, but the one that closed November 11 last will not soon fade from our memories. It was the anniversary of the legal murder of our comrades in Chicago 13 years ago. What a gathering of earnest comrades. So many visitors—some earnest, some curious, all respectful listeners. After an hour or more of hearty handshakes and sparkling conversation the meeting was called to order. The program was a feast of earnest praise and commemoration for those martyrs of liberty. Words are meager things to convey some thoughts aright. After a song or two, and some readings, Charles H. Cheysey gave a resume and comment on the trial and condemnation of Adolph Fischer, Albert R. Parsons, August Spies, George Engel and Louis Lingg. The speaker modestly wished that some one better fitted had been here to do well what he could do so imperfectly, but when he had finished, those who heard him came to the conclusion that one more fitted would be hard to find. You will have a chance to read his words in another column but you will not be able to give his forceful manner and tone. Then when we had had some appropriate readings and songs J. L. Jones gave us a paper on the subject of the evening. No one says things just as Jones does, and he wrote in his best vein for the occasion, dealing with the results and the future benefits of such a sacrifice.

The evening passed, and so great was the interest that the clock seemed to have jumped ahead a couple of hours. I have mentioned but two of the good things on the program, but each one who took part seemed in rapport with the occasion, and the result was an evening long to be remembered.

James Russell Lowell's song of Freedom, set to new music, was nicely sung by Vella Worden, while the songs of Olive K. Smith were loudly applauded.

We love to have people present on such occasions who have not grown to our ideas. It should have the effect of a broader tolerance, of being thought provoking, of cementing friendships, of helping to put humanity on a broader and so on a surer road to happiness. It should spur us on with a greater zeal to spread the ideas of truth and freedom as long as there is one who sees not the light. This is supremely a labor of love—love for humanity. Our earnestness, and at the same time the absence of pecuniary gain, surely shows that we have an object far above self. No other incentive is necessary to a true man than to feel that he has truth and justice on his side, and then he never ceases to work for the end in view—some even suffering death rather than be turned from their purpose.

The following was the program:

Organ Solo—Kate Cheysey.

Reading—"Our Martyred Heroes"—Bessie M. Minor.

Song—"Come, Brothers, Raise a Cheerful Song"—Audience.

Essay—C. H. Cheysey.

Song—"True Freedom"—Vella Worden.

Reading and Song—G. H. Allen.

Essay—J. L. Jones.

Song—"Those Beautiful Hills"—Olive K. Smith.

Reading—"A Ballad of Beautiful Silence"—C. H. Cheysey.

Song—"Friends of Justice Rouse to Action"—Audience.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson Bay known locally as Joes Bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 72 people here—21 men, 19 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those writing for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

## THE PARIS CONGRESS.

Continued from page 1.

of the groups. The conference invites the revolutionary groups of all countries to establish by provincial or national congresses, or by other means, provincial, national, and international bureaus of correspondence. These bureaus of correspondence will have for their aim the binding together and the consolidating of the relations between the comrades, to make their understanding more effective, not omitting the necessary precautions.

The English groups are invited by the international conference to prepare, on a date to be fixed later, the convocation of an international revolutionary workingmen's congress to be held in England, as the country where there is more liberty than in France [the same farce I think.—E. G.] in spite of the absence of a ministry for the defense of the republic, with Social Democratic or radical Socialist ministers. The conference regrets greatly not to be able to reach all the foreign delegates, and to have been unable to put itself in communication with all the groups in Paris and the large number of delegates from the many French provinces. It has already been very difficult to unite, because of the French government, and to blind the Paris police.—Free Society.

## RECEIPTS:

Fox \$1, Seacrest \$1, Carter 50c, Brown 50c, Thrapp 50c, Boecklin 50c, Boehm 50c.

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Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased.

First: To person named in will or bequest.  
Second: Wife or husband.  
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereon.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

## CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.

This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.